THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

— '*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1806. N°. 31.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.
FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting pæans sing!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound,
And words applaud that must not yet be found!

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Mr. Easy,

A WRITER, who attacks or defends a theory, should never ascribe to his opponents, expressions, which they never used or perhaps never designed to apply. If, he so egregiously errs, in misrepresenting those sentiments which the world have perused and examined, it is a reasonable conjecture, that he has drawn his arguments from the same fallacious source. And although by such devices he may momentarily dim the eyes of mankind, yet the renascent powers of his antagonists will remove the film and display the false representations of the offender. In the 28th number of your highly useful and entertaining miscellany, I discover an essay of Mr. A. B. C's in opposition to the effort of the By-Stander to reinstate classic literature in an honourable and dignified point of view. In his exordium, the words *malicious*, *impotently raging*, *calumnious*, are there represented as the products of the By-Stander in his second number, and surprized that such indelicate expressions should be found in his essays, I reperused that number, but my research was fruitless, and that circumstance alone made me regard that essay with a scrutinizing eye, when I discovered contradictions and absurdities, which I might carelessly have overlooked but for his misrepresentations of some few words.

In one sentence, he declares he means not to decry the entire study of the languages; but in what cases does he allow the usefulness of the study? for in the succeeding one, he avers that no youth "warm from his alma mater," will turn over the dry and musty pages of Coke upon Lyttleton, "inhale the odour of disgusting drugs and examine a narrative of diseases or bow humbly behind a counter." From what nation has he adduced examples? In England both barrister and physician are compelled to study the ancient languages before admission to their respective professions, and in America it is considered as an essential requisite though too often violated by pretenders. Blackstone, whose eminence in legal and literary knowledge, needs no commendation, in his introductory lecture on the study of the law, deplores the prostitution of the practice, should it be engrossed by men who enjoy not the advantages of a liberal education, and declares that should infatuation prevail, a gentleman of distinction at the bar would be rarely seen; thus he proceeds—"And what the consequence may be to have the interpretation and inforcement of the laws (which include the intire disposal of our properties, liberties and lives) fall wholly into the hands of obscure or illiterate men, is matter of very public concern." And it may be justly asserted, that no men have attained eminence in this noble profession, without these desiderata. A *rara avis* may appear in a century, but it stands alone. In the science of medicine, it is a self-evident truth, "which spurns at logical deduction," that it is impossible to attain a sufficient knowledge thereof, without the assistance of an accurate knowledge of the Latin language, in which

some medical books which have acquired great celebrity are written. And although the merchant has no necessity for the study, yet if ever he desires to travel beyond his ledger or day-book, to join in colloquial intercourse with others of different pursuits, he must peruse the productions of celebrated authors; and, as Mr. A. B. C. admits the English language has borrowed its elegance and perspicuity from the Latin and Greek, he should certainly inspect those, whose ideas and expressions are copies of nature, not stolen from others. But in whatever situation of life, if one pretends to the epithet of a gentleman and scholar, he should have a liberal and scientific education. But the time, says Mr. A. B. C. employed in the study, might suffice to render the student acquainted with some art and science more useful and of more importance to their success in the world. But he has not disclosed to us what studies these are, I cannot suppose that he alludes to the abstruse and complicated sciences of logic, mathematics, &c. for childrens' reasoning powers are not sufficiently mature for these studies, and none other remains but the English language and arithmetic, which may be easily acquired during their leisure time; and the English being almost entirely derived from the Latin and Greek, by studying them, a radical knowledge of the vernacular tongue is obtained. This admitted, which requires not demonstration, the opinion that the greatest attention should be paid to the English, is answered; for a competent knowledge of it, is rarely attained without a previous one of the Latin and Greek. Boys at a certain period of life, are generally idle and inattentive, if they have the English solely to attend to, and the Greek and Latin exercise their memories and give them the principia of the English; and in what manner can they be occupied than in acquiring an increase of knowledge, an improvement of memory, and at the same time of taste? And the length of time taken by those unacquainted with them, in referrence to the dictionary, for the solution of words in the politest modern authors, which are known to the classical student, is alone an incontestible evidence of their utility.

An acquaintance with the classic, expedites the student towards a proficiency in the modern languages of Italy; France and Spain, which are almost entirely derived or at least the Italian and Spanish, from the Latin; and the French in a great measure is watered from the same fountain. And I positively assert from information and *experience* that a man, acquainted with Latin, will in half the time, than one unacquainted with it, become perfect master of the Italian, French or Spanish. The By-Stander in his 2d number described the retrogade of literature in the middle centuries as the effect of the neglect of the superb edifice of classical learning, and plainly evinced the just panegyric, due by every friend of science, to the classics. "When they were neglected, says Knox in his "Winter Evenings, every one knows how dark a night "of ignorance overshadowed the world; when they were "recalled from their concealment, a cheerful and glori-"ous sun arose in the horizon and at once chased away "the gloom of ignorance and the phantoms of superstition. Liberty and science reared their heads, and religion herself was not ashamed to own great obligations "to the writings of Greece and Rome. If they should "be neglected again, though I will not say a similar "darkness would ensue; yet I may venture to express "an apprehension that the love of liberty, sound learning and rational piety would be in danger of a de-"cline." May these predictions never be fulfilled! may the ardour of youth add fresh fuel to the expiring flame and illumine mankind!

But the respect and veneration, which man has paid in every age to these studies, would alone have stampt them as the sterling productions of genius, and as such, we should study them for instruction and pleasure. In a country where liberty is adored and where patriotism is cherished, those works which steel the heart against despotism and cause man, to "snuff the approach of tyran-"ny in every tainted breeze," should be diligently perused and annotated; and what performances breathe a purer spirit of liberty than the classics. In the decline of the Roman empire, many remarkable instances occur, which will more fully elucidate this point. Caligula, whose name alone, should stamp with detestation every act of his, commanded the works of Virgil and Livy to be destroyed throughout his empire; that their pristine independence might be forgotten, and that they might become more acquiescent to his tyrannic yoke. Happily for mankind, the noble reliques of these illustrious ornaments of literature were preserved by the care and diligence of their votaries. Unassisted by innumerable proofs this circumstance of man's fondness for chaste specimens of genius and application, shews the respect in which they should be held. Many years had elapsed before Julian the apostate ascended the throne of the Cesars. By his decree, Homer and other Grecian authors were forbidden to be read in christian schools. By this measure, he fondly hoped that in process of time, the christians becoming ignorant and illiterate might be seduced from the paths of christianity and their souls an-

bodies at the shrines of pagan deities. Vain hope! Death at once felled the tyrant and restored Grecian literature to christians. But why should instances be multiplied where classic learning has gained triumphal victories?—Behold that age, when the republic of letters was overrun with barbarous and hostile foes, its proudest edifices were razed to their foundations and scarce a vestige remained to prove they once existed. Superstition damped the vital genius of literature and offuseated the piercing eye of science. But the sun had not set forever. It again dawned on the habitations of its favourite abodes and glimmered on the habitations of ignorant man. Performances, which the authors desired to outlive the short existence of a nation, were uniformly written in Latin, and by that means beamed on all quarters of the civilized world. And when Mr. A. B. C. declared that he preferred to be a Bacon or a Newton, he forgot, that most part of Bacon and Newton's works were written in the polished language of ancient Rome. But these faults must be excused in one, *who condemns not unheard, nor blames unknown*, and who supposes the English language, to have attained its *ne plus ultra* of perfection, and consequently, there is no necessity of studying the learned authors of antiquity. But I should not have wasted thus my precious hours in answering the vain assaults against the classics, the impregnable bulwark of literature, had not the By-Stander been attacked, and as a friend I advanced to assist him. If this is replied to, I shall not again endeavour to undeceive him, whom I, should have supposed, would have been an able advocate for the contrary opinion.

PHILO BYSTANDER.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DUC DE BIRON.

Perhaps in the pages of biography there never has yet appeared a more romantic or amiable character than that which was exhibited by this unfortunate nobleman.—Born to the possession of illustrious rank, and educated in the most polished court of Europe; the idol of its women, the example for its men; it is not singular that his mind should have been strongly tinctured with a taste for chivalry.

Early in life, the Duc de Biron conceived a marked predilection in favour of the English nation; every subordinate sensation, originating in self-love, or springing from the contracted source of national prejudice, was beneath the dignity and ingenuousness of his mind. He was an observer of nature; he traced the progress of her influence on the human heart, and he discovered, that its expansion is always proportionate to the liberty it possesses of exercising its noblest energies. France was then in a state of degrading subjection; England was the favoured seat of freedom. The duke, being, at that period, less affluent than noble, less economical than generous, about five-and-twenty years ago established his residence in this country.

He chose his abode in St. Alban's street, Pall-mall; where he very speedily adopted both private manners and public opinions completely English. He consequently enlarged the scale of his acquaintance, and became so popular, that his society was courted, not only in the most illustrious, but in the most enlightened circles.

This nobleman then bore the title of Duke de Lauzun. His person was manly and prepossessing; his countenance pleasing and benignant; his conversation lively, interesting, and well informed; and his temper so irresistably fascinating, that he seldom was known to lose the affections of those with whom he had once lived on terms of sociability.

Lauzun was an admirer of literature and the fine arts; he wrote with elegance and feeling on subjects wherein the heart was his monitor; and with classical propriety, when matters of worldly import formed the tenour of his letters. If he evinced a fault or rather a defect of nature it was that of a portion of vanity which sometimes contributed to diffuse a shade over the brighter features of his character. But his excessive sensibility, united to a fervid imagination, probably led him beyond the boundaries of judgment, and awakened in his mind a spirit little less vivid than that of the most romantic heroes of antiquity.

During his residence in England he became enamoured of a lady, at that time one of the most beautiful in the courtly circle. Unfortunately she was married. Lauzun, with a spirit of gallantry refined by an enthusiastic sense of honour, worshipped the object of his idolatry in silent regret. But love is linx-eyed; and the accomplished victor sanctioned a pure and sacred intercourse of soul, which by turns ameliorated and embittered the destiny of her adorer.

Few men are capable of entertaining, and still fewer women of inspiring, a passion which reason and refinement have power to divest of its grosser propensities. But Lauzun was not commonly organized; he was an enthusiast of every thing estimable in the softer sex, and an example of all that was dignified in his own. Every thing that we read of in a romance falls short of the ardour

which actuated his mind, when it once became influenced by a beloved object.

After many months had passed away in this platonic attachment, some untoward circumstances produced a sudden separation; circumstances no less agonizing to Lauzun's heart, than unexpected in the fashionable circles. The consequence was, the lady's immediately quitting the metropolis, and fixing her retirement in the wilds of a sister kingdom.

Lauzun's despair was undiscribable! He experienced all the miseries of that gloomy vacuum which succeeds the interest of a warm and generous passion. He resigned himself for a time to the excess of melancholy, and, after vainly endeavouring to shake off the spell which seemed to fasten on his faculties, devoted to regrets the most poignant, to sensations the most afflicting, he again repaired to his native country. There he continued to reside under the immediate protection of his venerable uncle, then Duc de Biron, whose fortune and title he afterwards inherited.

Lauzun was the darling of society, the ornament of the French Court; and the distinguished favourite of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. But let it not be supposed that the kindness shewn towards this amiable nobleman originated in any motive but a liberal desire to patronize and to promote superior qualifications; Lauzun was a soldier as well as an accomplished gentleman; he was no less enterprising than polished; no less enlightened than liberal. Antoinette, amidst all the errors that, perhaps, malice has ascribed her, knew how to discriminate with judgment, while she rewarded with munificence.

During the early periods of the American war, Lauzun was prevailed upon by family influence to form a matrimonial alliance. Interest was the unsteady basis on which a soul replete with all the sensibilities of refinement was compelled to build its fabric of domestic happiness. His relatives urged the union as both honourable and lucrative; and Lauzun being, at that time, less opulent than high born; more pliant than provident of his own felicity; repeatedly solicited by his uncle, whose influence was boundless, and whom he loved with the affection of a son, he at last consented. Even at this interesting and important epocha of human existence, Lauzun was too brilliantly enlightened to admit the very shadow of deception. The day previous to his marriage, he candidly avowed the real state of his heart; and confessed without reserve, that the bonds of honor, the chain of family connection, and the policy of convenience, not the softer fetters of affection, would unite them.

Superior minds will condemn the plea of such an union; and refined natures will shudder at such a sordid sacrifice: but marriages of this kind were perpetually solemnized in France; and very frequently such contracts were ratified by parents, even before the contracted parties were personally known to each other. This was not one of the least violations of liberty which operated powerfully in promoting, and at length in accomplishing the French revolution.

The duchesse was remarkably deficient in personal graces; though nature had bestowed on her the powers of receiving a considerable degree of mental cultivation. The avowed indifference which subsisted between them naturally produced a langour of mind, which was wholly inimical to domestic happiness; mutual neglect soon gave birth to mutual disgust; and, after a few months had tediously elapsed in a series of constrained civilities, they parted.

Shortly after their separation, Lauzun was ordered with his regiment to America. It was now that the ardour of his soul blazed forth unstifled: he panted for glory, he sighed for military distinction; he was eager to entwine the laurel of victory with the insignia of nobility. But Lauzun was destined through life to be the vassal of his sensibility; and the more delicate, the more refined passions of his heart perpetually interrupted his progress towards fame.

While he was preparing to embark for America, intelligence reached him, that the lady for whom he had once cherished the most ardent affection was at that moment exposed to some pecuniary difficulties, and labouring under the anxiety of neglect even from those in whom she had reposed unbounded confidence. The susceptibility of Lauzun's heart could not calmly endure the inquietude occasioned by such events; therefore, after obtaining leave of absence for a short interval, he collected the remnants of his pecuniary resources, inclosed the sum in a small *port-folio*, and, on a post horse, unattended, set out from Paris. Thus did he travel many hundred miles with little corporeal and still less mental rest, till he arrived at the abode of the fair recluse. It was in the dreary season of the year; the situation wild and barren; and nothing less eccentric than the feelings of such a character could have prompted or performed so romantic an expedition.

He was immediately admitted; he found the lady alone; he had not power to utter a syllable; but, after placing the port-folio on a table which stood before her,

quitted the room, remounted his horse, and remeasured back his route towards Paris; shortly afterwards he embarked for America, where by his gallant conduct he soon became highly distinguished. He was the friend of the Marquis de la Fayette; and he also enjoyed the esteem even of his military adversaries, among whom may be named the Earl of Moira, then Lord Rawdon; a man no less distinguished for valour than for virtue, for political knowledge than for general philanthropy!

When York-Town was surrendered by the English, Lauzun was dispatched to the court of Versailles, with the important tidings. On his arrival at Paris, he was received with acclamations of transport; the messenger of conquest, the harbinger of that peace which was in a great degree accelerated by this important capitulation.—The metropolis of France now became a scene of the most brilliant festivity—(the writer of these pages was then at Paris;)—Versailles was the temple of delight; and Lauzun was the idol of the day. His name was re-echoed by all ranks of people; and the surrender of York-Town was considered as the most promising event which had been recorded on the annals of the American war. But the French people, particularly those who were blinded by courtly splendour, did not foresee, that those, who by their valour had contributed towards the establishment of liberty in America, would scarcely permit the ardent effects which it produced to lie dormant in their bosoms.

The Duc de Lauzun, at this period, possessed a small villa at *Mont-rouge*, in the vicinity of Paris. It was completely fitted up after the English fashion; all the domestics, excepting one or two, were of this country, and even his table was arranged after the manner of the English. This retreat was the scene of rational festivity, very unlike the temples of some illustrious personages, who dedicated their villas to the most profligate debasement.

The late Duke of Orleans, then Duc de Chartres, followed the example of Lauzun; and the fairy palace of *Bouceau* was inhabited by English domestics. There English liberty was enthusiastically extolled, and French despotism daily discussed without reserve; till a spirit of reform, and a glow of newly awakened independence, hastened on every mind, among the inferior classes of society.

Shortly after the commencement of the revolution, the subject of these pages, then Duc de Biron, having succeeded his uncle in fortune and title, set out for England. His personal attachment to the Queen in a great degree put down the spirit of republican ardour,—and suppressed that active zeal which would otherwise have influenced his conduct in the cause of freedom. Biron was the very soul of chivalry. The Queen of France was beautiful, and persecuted. The event of his departure terminated unfortunately. Biron's resources were locked up by the strong hand of anarchy: he had many debts in England: his creditors either under the supposition that he was become opulent by the death of his uncle or that he would shortly be exposed to indigence by the convulsions of political changes, arrested him; and he was for several weeks, confined in the house of a sheriff's officer.

It was there that the enterprising soul of Biron indulged in the varying emotions which his chequered destiny gave birth to; and, while his bosom glowed with the enthusiasm of liberty, it also ached under the severe humiliations of a constrained captivity.

In this distressing embarrassment, the Earl of Moira, whose mind and whose conduct do honour to human nature, received intimation of the Duke's confinement; and, by his interference and friendship, Biron was liberated.—But the power of legal prosecution had only augmented the enthusiasm of freedom; and he returned to Paris, to unite with the most popular leaders of the revolution.

There he renewed his friendship with the Duke of Orleans (who had assumed the title of Egalité;) and by his influence was prevailed on to take the command of the army of La Vendée. Whether Biron felt the dreadful effects of anarchy, while he hourly received accounts of massacres and horrors; or whether the sufferings of the ill-fated and persecuted Marie Antoinette impressed his sensible and philanthropic mind, is not clearly ascertained; but he certainly evinced an inactivity of soul, which terminated in his destruction. He was recalled to Paris, deprived of the rank which he held in the army; imprisoned; and executed!

Here let the sensible reader bestow a tear, while reflection shews the progress of Biron's fall from power to degradation; from the most splendid altitudes of fame and fortune, to the gloomy platform of the guillotine! and, while memory transcribes his many virtues, his gallant actions, his amiable sensibility, and his romantic enthusiasm on the page of Time, let Pity efface with her spontaneous tears, the frailties of human nature, and the last sad close of his unfortunate destiny.

Mr. Easy,

I perused with pleasure the remarks of your correspondent Crito, on Haley's life of Cowper, until I came to the paragraph which casts a stigma on the character of the

Rev. John Newton, a "benevolent and animated pastor" who he asserts "was not a man in point of education or abilities, to whom the destiny of one rich in the stores of learning and animated with poetic fire, ought to have been committed."

Who that has read Mr. Newton's APOLOGIA can with candour pronounce him a man deficient in point of education? Who that has read his "Plan of academical preparation for the ministry," but must pronounce him "a scribe well instructed, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, an able minister of the New Testament."

With Mr. Newton's religious opinions we have nothing to do, seeing the diversity that obtains in points of doctrine; it is well known that he embraced the Calvinistic principles before he received holy orders in the church of England and it will also readily be conceded that those who, having imbibed, preach those doctrines, are the most exemplary and zealous ministers of that church, happy for her that her articles may be so understood as to hold in the bonds of brotherly love, men of different sentiments.

But it appears that Cowper "was suffered for some years to discontinue all proper means of intellectual improvement, and to waste its effects upon *methodistical hymns* and versions of the reveries of *quietism*." What an enviable situation; to enjoy for some years tranquility of mind!! for what else is quietism?

I would ask your correspondent whether he has ever perused the "Olney Hymns" written by Mr. Newton and his friend Cowper, if he has not, I can assure him they are worthy the attention of any one who considers himself a "sojourner on earth;" they contain many poetic beauties, and in my humble opinion the "inimitable Cowper" was much better employed when composing the following hymn, than when, with his mind less embarrassed with religious thoughts, he wrote the humorous story of John Gilpin.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

And this among many of equal merit, is called a "methodistical hymn!" surely Mr. Addison himself must also have been a methodist when he wrote his unparallelled hymn,

"When all thy mercies O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise." &c. &c,

He also had his religious seasons, or he would not, mixing with the gay world as he did, have undertaken to write the "Evidences of Christianity" a work, which, it is to be regreted he did not live to finish.

It appears to me to be now, as well as in the days of the Vicar and Moses,

"The vice of the times,
"To relish those rhymes,
"Where the ridicule runs on a parson."

And hence it is that such men as Newton, Romaine, Hawes, Percy, and I could mention many others, who are regular members of the Protestant Episcopal church are styled Methodists as an epithet of reproach; and all because they preach what they conceive to be the truth according to the gospel.

To conclude I am of opinion that Mr. Hayley has said all that could be said respecting the religious gloom which clouded the brow of his friend Cowper, without laying himself open to the attacks of *religionists*; who might (like the lecturers on surgery) have dissected the poet, to determine whether Calvinism or Armenianism was best calculated to make a man happy, who was by nature of a gloomy turn of mind. Yours, IMPARTIAL.

The following extract is a very lively description of the Thuilleries at Paris.

Among the public gardens of Paris, the Thuilleries is entitled to very distinct and peculiar notice. No artificial walk in Europe is equally delightful—Bounded at one extremity by the majestic palace of the French sovereign

on the other by the beautiful palace of Concord, whose modern colonaded structures embellish the offskip; with one terrace, commanding a view of the clear green waters of the Siene; its bridges and quays, and the other shaded by tall trees, every object within ken is a study for the artist. Innumerable statues of bronze and marble, border or terminate the wide vistas. They are chiefly works of Louis XIV. and are good copies of celebrated antiques, representing the Muses, Appollo, Diana, Meleager, and the wood gods. A few such as those of Cæsar and Alexander ought rather to have stood in the palace than in the garden. The avenues are agreeably intercepted by marble basins or pools peopled with glittering gold fish, and crowded with jets d'eaux, whose water, tossed to the sky in useful columns, scatter at the caprice of the zephyrs, coolness and verdure through the twilight alleys of the lofty groves, or amuse the eye with rainbow girded showers. The reader or declaimer can take refuge in lonely shades—the lounger can jostle through crowds of well drest beauty. Coffee, chocolate, ices and serbets are offered beneath the pavilions of the terras, and at a later hour music beckons to the complex feast of the restaurateur.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We received the note of PHILO BY-STANDER, and would certainly have complied with his request, but that the communication was already set up. In the slight melioration we have suffered ourselves to make in it, we trust we have in no degree diminished its beauties. The sober pen of age has tempered a little, the youthful warmth that glowed through it—But while we thought it necessary, that we might not be found to swerve from one of the original principles upon which the Companion was established, we would by no means be supposed, not duly appreciating the merits and talents of its author—communications will always be received and welcomed with pleasure; we never saw any thing from his pen, that was not marked with genius, and while in the mean time, he sometimes contributes his effusions to the ornament of our pages, we doubt not that he will be at a more advanced period an honour and ornament to his profession and to his country.

SERENA is received.

We are indebted to LORRAIN for his communication—but although we ardently wish for the improvement of manners and morals, we think it better for a time, to avoid saying any thing of the subject on which it treats.

The poetry of JACQUES and A. B. C. D ARIAN came too late for insersion.—We hope some of our friends will favour us with a translation of the French verses we have inserted to-day.

We are much obliged to EPOH for her selections.

FOR THE COMPANION.

The French, who in the higher walks of poetry, are by their own confession, inferior to many other nations, are excelled by none in the talent of saying light things with a grace and sprightliness which gives value to the most trifling production. They abound in ingenious turns of thought, in sentiment, in a happy choice of expression, and they know how, when they please, to suggest ideas of pleasure and gaiety without the coarseness, which less polished nations are apt to fall into. Voltaire in his smaller pieces Chaulieu, Favert, Le Chevalier, de Bouflers, Bernis, and others, have given examples of this kind of poetry; and the following piece which was written by Mr. Seger does not seem unworthy to be joined in the same class. Mr. Seger was embassador from France to Petersburgh, and has long been known for his political as well as literary talents. At Petersburgh he had the honour of being associated with the late empress in the composition of the *Theatre de L'Hermitage de Chatherine*, a kind of partnership, in which the lion's share is generally found to belong not to the sovereign, but to the associates. This volume consists of fables, tales, songs for a vaudeville society, les deux genies, a drama and a number of small poems on different occasions. Among the fables is a very ingenious one of Cupid's changing wings with the trade-winds, and another entitled l'Amour & le Tems. Several are addressed to the author's wife, and do equal honour to his delicacy and tenderness and to his conjugal affection. The drama is flat, and one of the tales, le pistolet, might have been left out to advantage, as it resembles those of la Fontaine more in its licence than in its wit. The songs are light and gay, and have much variety, and if some of the pieces are trifling, others have that vein of philosophical sentiment which the French know so well how to mix in the Horatian manner, with the praises of love and wine. On the whole, this volume is a very agreeable addition to what may be called the fugitive pieces of the French Parnassus.—The following is an example of exquisite tenderness and delicacy.

Tendre melancholie
Volupté du malheur
Loin de ma douce amie
Que j'aime ta langueur
Malheureux qui des larmes
Ignore la douceur
Et meconnait les charmes
De ta tendre douleur.

O soeur de la tendresse
O fille de l'amour
De tà douce tristesse
Nourris moi chaque jour
D'une amante cherie
Rappele moi les traits
Je n'ai plus dans la vie
De bien, que mes regrets.

Au lever de l'aurore
Temoins des mes douleurs
Le soir viens toi encore
Le temoin de mes pleurs
Pour calmer mes souffrances
Viens recois mes soupirs
Ils tient dans l'absence
Lieu de tous les plaisirs.

Quand la belle Sylvie
Fut sensible a mon feu
Ce fut la reverie
Qui lui servit a l'aveu
J'ignorais sa foiblesse
Et je l'appris un jour
En voyant sa tristesse
Doux prelude d'lamour.

D'un ruisseau le murmure
Le silence de bois
Des gazons la verdure
Du rosignol la voix
Sur toi tout renouvelle
Mille doux souvenirs
Plaisirs q'on se rappelle
Sont tonjours des plaisirs.

Sentiment doux et tendre
Viens souvent me presser
Pleurs que tu fais repandre
Sont bien doux a verser
Connait on sans souffrance
Les plaisirs de l'amour
Aurait on sans l'absence
Le bonheur du retour.

Que ta langueur charmente
Ajoute a mon bonheur
Que ta voix consolante
Convient a ma douleur
De l'amant dans l'ivresse
De l'amant malheureux
Soi tonjours la deesse
Qu'ils t'adorent tous deux
Oh sœur de la tendresse
O ! fille de l'amour
De ta douce tristesse
Nourris moi chaquejour
Je te soumets ma vie
Je te livre mon coeur
Tendre melancholie
Volupté du malheur

TO A LADY

WHO ACCUSED THE AUTHOR OF FLATTERY.

Ah why will Corinna attribute to art,
The expressions which flow from a genuine heart!
And the language of truth a vain compliment call,
As false and unmeaning, and utter'd to all!

For she surely would never desire me to *swear*
That I think she is all that is charming and fair,
When my eyes, in despite of myself, say as much,
And she learns it as oft by my tremulous touch.

Then banish Corinna, so cruel a thought,
And believe me at least with more honesty fraught:
For the heart that its gen'rous emotions conceals,
Can never be trusted to tell what it feels. PHILIP.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE CHARMING MISS E——.

Damsel! fairer than the rose
That buds when rural zephyr blows,
And swells in crimson to the view
When moist'ned by the morning dew;
Come, mark me with thy emblem flower
When glows the sultry noon-tide hour.
Come, see how feeble faint, and dead
It gently bows its drooping head,
And falls, and withers on the plain.
Damsel! thus brief is beauty's reign:—
Pass some few days, and age shall trace
His wrinkles in thy fading face:
His touch shall dim thy glossy hair
Thy ivory teeth, thy forehead fair,
No cestus, bright with gems and gold,
Thy swelling bosom shall unfold,
No crouds of suitors then shall wait
With garlands trim to deck thy gate;
But dull and dreary o'er thy bow'r
Shall pass the lonely midnight hour.
Come, then enjoy the vernal day,
And crop with me the flowers of May,
With silent wing Time speeds his flight,
And wafts us swift with endless night!
Come, then my fair, and whilst we prove
The dear delights of mutual love,
Let glowing Venus beam from far
Our morning and our evening star, PHILANOIR.

Mr. Cambridge, the author of the WORLD, to his wife, who taxed him with being absent at church.

Quoth Sylvania to her spouse at church one day,
"You know, my dear, folks come to church to pray;
But you ne'er say your prayers, nor sing a stave,
Absent, as tho' you had no soul to save:
"Pray hold your tongue, (quoth Atticus, half surl'd,)
I'm thinking, dearest, of *another world*."

On hearing that the French had melted down their Saints to purchase Artillery.

Quoth a reverend priest to a less rev'rend friend,
"Where at length will the crimes of these French villians end,
Who their saints and their martyrs thus impiously sell,
And convert into damnable engines of hell?"
"Prithee, why (quoth his friend,) are you so much surpriz'd,
That saints had their deserts, and were all *canoniz'd?*"